

Thi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamly stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you seruice.

Thes. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplicitie and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his seruice perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed
To grette me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue scene them shuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicitie,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duke. Let him approach.

Flor. Trum.

Enter the Prologue.

Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
enough to speake, but to speake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
childe on a Recorder, a found, but not in gouernment.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tanyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninnes* tombe, there, there to wooe:

This grizy beast (which *Lyon* hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which *Lyon* vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle laine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and *Louers* twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one *Lion* may, when
many *Asses* doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I vould haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the *Louers*, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same *Wall*; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull *Louers* are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire *Lime* and *Haire* to speake
better?

Deme. It is the vvitteft partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the *Wall*, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, O night with hue so blacke,
Onight, which euer art, when day is not:
Onight, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot:
And thou O vvall, thou sweet and louely vvall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, O vvall, O sweet and louely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vwith mine eie,
Thanks courteous vvall. Ioue shield thee vwell for this.
But vwhat see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see.
O vicked vvall, through vvhom I fee no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.

Thes. The vvall me-thinkes being sensible, should
curse againe.

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceiuing me,
Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the vvall. You shall see it vwill fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

Thes. O vvall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones vwith *Lime* and *Haire* knit vp in thee.

Pir. I see a voyce; now vwill I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*

Thes. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke vwhat thou vwill, I am thy *Louers* grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

Thes. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

Thes. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thes. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnes* tombe meete me straight
way?

Thes. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;

And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Claw.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two
Neighbors.

Deme. No remedie my Lord, when *Wals* are so wil-
full, to heare without vvarning.

Du. This is the filliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worke, if imagination amend them.

Du. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worke of them then they of
themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a *Lion*.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When *Lion* rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Sung* the *Loyner* am
A *Lion* fell, nor else no *Lions* dam:
For if I should as *Lion* come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Deme. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere I saw.

Lys. This *Lion* is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Deme. Not so my Lord: for his valor, cannot carrie
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
sent.

De. He should haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,
within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
sent: My selfe, the man, 'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
'th Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there for the candle.

Du. For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Du. I am vware of this Moone; vwould he would
change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve
must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Deme. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for
they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thes. This is old *Ninnes* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

Deme. Well roard *Lion*.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

Du. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd *Lion*.

Deme. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanisht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* light.

But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,

What dreadful dole is heere?

Eyes do you see! How can it be!

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!

Thy mantle good; what stained with blood!

Approch you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,

Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Du. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didst thou *Lions* frame?

Since *Lion* vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Pyramus*:

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Deme. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-

thing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-

uer, and proue an *Ass*.

Du. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thisby comes backe, and findes her *Louer*.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Du. Me thinkes thee should not vse a long one for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brefe.

Deme. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*

which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.)

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweete

Deme. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

Thes. Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Done?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe

Must couer thy sweet eyes.

Thes. Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: *Louers* make mone:

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his thred of silke.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:

Come blade, my brest imbrue:

O 3

And